5: Pollard M-5 (no date) 1921 AE4 Lolo AE4

000 Some folk never lose their interest in fairy tales, and I can enjoy these stories even now with a great relish. It may be a sign of peculiar taste, but I am sure I could now read some of the stories in *The Arabian Nights* with far more interest than I could some of Meredith's novels or all the books that Hall Caine has ever written or will write. And sometimes I think that this is, after all, not a sign of a depraved, peculiar taste. While in Nosuland I often wondered what would have happened if the people had refused to believe the yarns my men told them, and had understood that I was just an ordinary British missionary, with the usual characteristics of an adventurous West of England man, but with not a sign of a gun or other weapon in all my house. The truth is, I was a stranger of a type they had never before come across, and had scarcely ever heard of. None of them had time or courage to take my true measure, and after all it suited them to think that an extraordinary guest had honoured them by paying them a visit. Of course I had no means of stopping my Nosu companions from yarning like a Baron Munchausen, for I did not know more than a very little of the language they were using.

574 608 After talking about the deadly wonderful medicine the old chief began to propose that the stranger who had come into their midst should become a chief of four of their tribes, the Njeh, the La-chee, the Ren-li and the Nhe. If I would agree they would come in full force to my help at any time, and in return I was to do all I possibly could for them. I laughed up my sleeve, and the very fancy of my doing this kept me merry for a long time.

374 The indoors temperature of the house where we were staying was 30° F. Some of the folk who were not near the